

Crisis Disputants Go to the Public

she smokes NELSON?

She's wise
and womanly.
Likes everything
that makes for
enjoyment in life

... Naturally
she smokes **NELSON?**

An Israeli in England (I)

CLASSLESS SOCIETY, 1958

By GERDA LUFF

IN 1945, the visitor to Eng-

land found a feeling of

elation among the mass

of the people. They felt that

they had done the impos-

sible and they said so. They

had won the war against

Hitler and come through the

ordeal of the blitz with fly-

ing colours. They treasured

their experience of previous

contradictions. They had won

their "silent revolution,"

sweeping away the old social

order without shedding a

drop of blood. The days of

mass unemployment, of fear

and want appeared gone and

gone forever. Everybody was

assured of food, shelter and

social care under a system

which always at hand

every emergency from the

cradle to the grave. Although

the bomb scars all over Lon-

don were still clearly visible,

the population of this im-

mense city took pride in

clearing away the rubble,

carving small gardens out of

the ruins and supplying the

housing. If there were short-

ages as a result of war dis-

locations, they were only a

temporary nuisance.

Corporations disappeared

years later. The shortages

had, in fact, completely

disappeared. The machinery

of modern industry grinds out a

variety of goods, at

prices that seem relatively

low to the Israeli. There is

more and better food, cloth-

ing and entertainment than

ever before. Looking at the

material side of things, the

situation of 1945 should be

followed by a feeling of fulfil-

ment in 1957.

Among the many who pro-

fited from the silent revolu-

tion, there is certainly a con-

siderable section which ex-

periences this sense of satis-

faction and fulfillment. While

concentrated in the London

area, a Labour Party leader

paid a visit to a workers' club

trying to explain what he

could gain by voting Lab-

our in the coming election.

The worker listened silently

for a little while, then stood

up and ended the inter-

view with the simple sen-

tence: "Thank you very much

Sir, but now I have got

everything I want."

tating to the casual observer.

Towards the end of the

pair — who, are the only

ones in the cast who are

not revolting characters —

exclaim: "There is no God;

there is nothing left; we

have nothing but ourselves."

New Mood

The visitor who comes into

the theatre from the full

lights of Piccadilly Circus

cannot help but feel bewil-

dered. He suspects at first

that he is confronted with a

late import of Paris existenti-

alism. And, indeed, the older

generation will say phlegma-

tically that this is the pass-

ing mood of a limited set

that has come out of the

war and the revolution with

disappointment at the fact

that Utopia did not material-

ize after all. The younger

generation will oppose this

explanation violently. There

is, even if they are personally

well off, have worthwhile

jobs and not much to com-

plain of, they feel like the

young couple in Osborne's

play.

The British have come

face to face with the prob-

lems of a classless society

that is now taking shape in

the new, well-appointed

schools of the London area.

The children of all classes

mix and visit one another's

houses, all without apparent

hitches. It all looks and

sounds wonderful. The silent

revolution seems not only to

have provided one and all

with educational facilities

and broken down class bar-

riers in the most class-ridden

society in Europe. Why then

the frustration?

Classless

Because nobody knows

what the face of this class-

less society is going to be

or what face it should have.

In England social notions

and patterns have always

been fashioned at the top

and then slowly filtered

through to the lower classes.

Now the upper class has

either been swept away or

is being slowly eroded by

death duties and other blood-

less means. Its social influ-

ence, in any case, has gone.

Who is going to take its

place? Is fashioning the

face of society? and where

is all the present prosperity

leading? The immediate re-

sult is, as one sharp observer

put it, that during the week-

end more and more London-

ers sit in their cars on the

road to Brighton, unable to

move; that the general levi-

ty has not yet pro-

duced the levelling up in in-

tellectual taste and perfor-

mance; and that this society

is not only classless but also

faceless.

This is the first of two

articles.

South Pole Problem: Where To Put Garbage

By LEVERETT G. RICHARDS

ANTARCTICA (NANA).—

THE Antarctic continent is

the biggest chunk of

empty space remaining on

the earth, yet waste disposal

is a major problem. It

points out Major Palle

Mogensen, new scientific lead-

er at the South Pole, to

which Sir Edmund Hillary

and Dr. Vivian Fuchs are

now racing.

"This is one of those nasty

problems no one likes to

think about," Mogensen said.

"So no one has devised a

satisfactory method of waste

disposal in snow-capped

areas." Bases built at sea

level dump their garbage on

the sea ice and hope it will

float away some day, al-

though Dr. McGurdo found

it shows no signs of doing

so after three years of hope-

ful waiting.

The early explorers had no

problem, Mogensen points

out. They simply kept their

waste in boxes and moved

it. Captain Robert F.

Scott and Sir Ernest Shack-

leton simply tossed their

garbage out the door. By

the time the time bomb found

to become a problem they

had found new worlds to

conquer.

Rear Admiral Richard

Byrd, first to build a per-

manent camp on the snow

of the Ross Ice Shelf, solved

his waste disposal problem

the same as the cavemen did.

He moved. No better solu-

tion has been found for mili-

tary camps built on the

Greenland ice cap since the

war.

"I took over one of these

campes after it had been oc-

cupied for two seasons,"



U.S. scientists at the South Pole, which is marked by a circle of fuel drums.